

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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WHAT TO THINK ABOUT

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Philippians, 4: 8.

SAINT PAUL seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him had touched his heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and hopeful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their gentleness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer; and so, he says, the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse. He tells them what to think of, what to value and make of great account, what to practise in their lives. And if they do this, he says, the God of peace will certainly be with them.

"Whatsoever things are true." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than it has now. "Truth" with us means the opposite of falsity in speech; but in Scripture it means the opposite of all unreality, all sham, all semblance. Saint Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (that is, from dwelling on what is hollow and empty), "but quicken Thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." In this, as in all else that is valuable, the sacred authority of

Revelation does but emphasize the universal experience of the world.

Well, then, if you would not be utterly disappointed and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are real"—God, the soul, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are honorable." The Greek word means "noble." It is an exhortation to dignity of thought as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretences, with the pretence of aims more reputable than those by which they are really influenced. Men and women often deceive even themselves. They act and speak and write ignobly, and persuade themselves that they are actuated by sincere and lofty motives. A high sense of our dignity as redeemed, ennobled beings would render impossible nine-tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the whole world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly and degrading. It is the tendency of all sin to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible, the more proud we are.

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with wicked aims and forbidden desires, he ignores the essential dignity of his nature. Let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain.

"No one will ever know;" so argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none ever know it, I shall

know it; God will know it; it will lie forever like a spark of fire upon my conscience; the sense of it will humiliate me: the guilt of it will drag down my life.

And "whatsoever things are *just*." Justice is one of the most elementary human duties; aye, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by their appearances; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging one another.

Try to be what so very few are, habitually fair. "Whatsoever things are just, think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *pure*." Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth!

And "whatsoever things are *lovely*"—winning, attractive thoughts that live and are radiant in the light. If you think of such things, the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all, "the explosive power of good affections." Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect; the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, sunset, and ocean. Oh, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!

And "whatsoever things are of *good report*." Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, evil surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble purposes; but tricks, and ingenious lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark. Do not you be content to degrade yourselves into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things! "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others; believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to believe it; never circulate—nor approve of those who do circulate—loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others; always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account

would be given of the matter." That is thoroughly good advice. Above all, remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things!

Above all, think, take account of these things! For these things, Saint Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character. The evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loves the thing that is lawful and right, in singleness of heart; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the Presence of the Holy One; who loves all that is beautiful whether in nature or in art; who hates whatever is ignoble, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

What has such a man to fear? The eternal forces are with him!—*Frederic W. Farrar*.

A BIT OF ADVICE

WHEN some one does a kindness to you upon your way,

Take care that in your memory that friendly deed shall stay:

Each helpful word, each loving gift that others give to you,

Remember with a grateful mind, and thanks both warm and true.

But, if you do a kindness to others as you go,
The sooner you forget it, the sweeter it will grow.
Leave others to remember it: press onward, as you ought;

And love your best and give your best, without a backward thought.

—*Priscilla Leonard*.

COUNTING

SINCE most savages learn to count on their fingers, they count by tens as we do. Sometimes they give their numbers funny names. The Indians on the Orinoco River in South America call five "one hand" and ten "two hands." They use their toes as well as their fingers as counters. Fifteen they call "whole foot" and sixteen "one to the other foot." Twenty is "one man." With higher figures this method has its complications. For instance, twenty-one is "one to the hand of the next man." Instead of counting by fingers, some races use the finger-joints. They are rather badly off, as they can count only to three. Besides these ways of counting, some tribes make use of bright pebbles and shells. Our word "calculate" means "working with pebbles."

WITH OUR HOMEKEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Whole Wheat Bread.—1 cup of milk scalded and cooled; 1 cup warm water. To this liquid add 1 tablespoon lard, 1 tablespoon molasses, 2 to 3 teaspoons sugar, depending on sweetness desired, and 2 teaspoons salt. Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ cake of yeast in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water with a scant half-teaspoon of sugar, and when well dissolved add to first mixture. Then add six cups of flour. I use 3 cups whole wheat flour and 3 cups white flour, but I would like to say that the amount of white flour depends upon the grade of whole wheat flour used. I use a coarse flour, but I have seen a whole wheat flour that has a good deal of the bran removed, and in using that I should decrease the amount of white flour in the bread. After flour has been added, knead and let rise over night, covering bread so that it will not chill. In the morning knead into two loaves and let rise until double in bulk or near the top of the pan. Then bake about one hour in a moderate oven. This is a very delicious bread, and is the only kind we use in our house. I hope that I have made this plain, and I wish much success to the reader who asked for it.

Cream of Corn Soup.—2 cups milk, 2 cups water, 1 can corn, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 small onion cut up fine, a few grains pepper. Cook corn and water with onion for 15 minutes. Make a white sauce of milk, butter and flour, and cook 10 minutes longer. This is delicious served with muffins, butter and apple sauce.

Cream of Pea Soup.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2 cups cooked peas, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 teaspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion cut up fine, a few grains pepper. Let peas, water and onion cook for 20 minutes. Add the white sauce made with butter, flour and milk and let simmer for five minutes. This may be served as a luncheon dish with toast and jam.

Squash Pie.—2 cups canned squash, 2 eggs beaten slightly, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 pastry shell with built-up rim. To squash add eggs, sugar, spices and salt mixed with milk. Pour into a 10-inch pastry-lined plate. Bake in oven 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350 degrees F. and bake 25 minutes more. The pie should be firm like a custard. If the egg whites are beaten and folded into the mixture last, the result is a fluffy pie. To get a glazed top, place on the pie when it is ready for the oven, five tablespoons sweet milk.

HANDY HINTS

Canna roots are much harder to carry through the winter than dahlia bulbs. This is particularly true of the newer varieties. The one

point to remember when digging cannas is that as much earth as possible should be kept on the roots. If placed in boxes of moist sand, they will usually winter without much loss. Of course the sand should not be kept wet or the tubers will rot. They must be stored in a cool place, but where the temperature is above freezing, and they cannot be thrown about like dahlia and gladiolus bulbs.

Shrinking a Candle.—To make a candle which is too large to fit the candlestick, dip the end in hot water.

Fish which contains few bones may be converted into fillets by dividing the flesh from the backbone in long, wide strips and then removing any smaller bones. Soles supply the best fillets.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK

(Washington's Headquarters, Morristown)

IN an old New Jersey town
Stands a mansion on a hill,
Steeped in legend and renown—
In the kitchen, ticking still,
Is a timepiece, old and tall,
Sturdy yet, as in its prime,
Standing there beside the wall
As in Washington's own time.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Goes the ancient kitchen clock,
Voice so measured, saying slow:
"Far away—long ago."

Here paced sentries to and fro
In the wintry dark and wet,
While, before the fire's glow,
Planned great George and Lafayette;
As I look, I seem to see
In the candle-lighted gloom
Martha setting things for tea—
Bustling in and out the room!

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Sounds the sleepy kitchen clock,
In the silence ticking slow
"Far away—long ago."

Many years have passed, ah me!
Time its changes here has wrought—
Still the mansion seems to be
With the Father's presence fraught;
Somehow one can feel him by,
When the dusk is growing thick,
Listening—as you and I—
To the old clock's gentle tick.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Ticks the grave old kitchen clock—
Constant, steady, solemn, slow—
"Far away—long ago."

—Arthur B. Price, in *Moments of Being*.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

OFFERS

First Parish in Cambridge, Mass. Send requests to Mrs. Bronson Crothers, 12 Francis Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

1. Life of Phillips Brooks. 2 vols.
2. The Inverted Pyramid. Sinclair.
3. Bonaventure, a Tale of Louisiana. Cable.
4. A Double Thread. Fowler.
5. Towards Morning. Wylie.
6. A Little Girl of Washington. Amanda M. Douglas. (A child's book.)
7. Six Girls. Estes and Lauriat. (A child's book.)
8. Fighting the Boche under Ground. Trounce.
9. New England Cook Book.
10. A Damsel in Distress. Wodehouse.
11. The Glorious Isle. Atherton.
12. The Lane That Had No Turning. Parker.
13. Parisian Points of View. Halevy.
14. A Woman of Genius. Jane Austin.
15. A Virginia Cousin and Bar Harbor Tales. Mrs. Burton Harrison.
16. The Suburban Whirl. Mary Stewart Cutting.

REQUESTS

1. Minnie and Ima Berg of Big Cabin, Okla., Route 2, sixteen and thirteen years old, express appreciation for the good cheer sent to them last year and they hope to receive books and magazines suitable for their age this season.

2. I want to send my thanks to every one sending me thread and quilt scraps, through the *Cheerful Letter*. I would be glad to receive such cheer again. God saw fit to call my darling little girl, 18 months old, away from me, and I am so lonesome. I would be glad to receive anything of that sort, and would also like to receive books or any kind of good reading for my husband. Mrs. A. L. Pack, Rupert, Ark.

3. Miss Sarah B. Jones of Tellico Plains, Tenn., sends her thanks for the good reading she has received and hopes to be remembered again this winter.

4. Mrs. Mary Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C., would appreciate good reading for herself and four children, aged twelve to eighteen.

5. Miss Alpha Law, Stuart, Va., writes, "I am a poor girl, aged 15 years. I have three sisters

and two brothers smaller than I. I would love to receive any kind of reading matter or anything that would cheer the little ones. I would love to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. For reference I'll send Mr. John Gray, Stuart, Va., R. No. 1.

6. I wish to thank all the dear ladies of the *Cheerful Letter*, who have sent me good reading and books and cards for my children in the past. I want you all to know that they were all appreciated very much. My little girls have learned a great deal from the books and papers that you have sent us, and we are hoping that you dear friends will remember us through the cold winter months. I would dearly love to receive the *Cheerful Letter* each month after some one is through with it, if not asking too much. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

7. Mrs. Wilma Wharton of Rex, Ark., is a young mother with one baby girl eight months old. She would like to receive any sewing material and embroidery thread the *Cheerful Letter* friends would like to send her.

8. I live in a very poor mountain country, thirty-five miles from a railroad. We haven't any church and I would be so glad of some Bible reading. I am a married woman 25 years old; my husband is living but we are just poor people. I have one little 2-year-old boy. Cozie McCutchen, Copeland, Ark.

9. I wish to thank all that sent me quilt scraps and cards and magazines last spring. Some were without name and address. I hope to be remembered this winter. Mrs. Colman Neaves, Crumpler, N. C.

10. I will appreciate it so very much if some one can send me a few (three or four) simple drawing books or illustrations suitable for beginners and the second and third grades, and also some letters for word building. The children are very poor and any supplementary reading for the grades from one to seven will be so much appreciated. (Mrs.) Emma Hicks, Route 3, Amherst, Va.

11. Miss Vena Powers, Sturgills, N. C., sends thanks to all who sent her packages in the past. She would appreciate more sewing material.

12. Mrs. N. A. Coleman of Amherst, Va., asks for the *Christian Herald* and a copy of "Ben Hur."

13. I take this way to thank all the kind *Cheerful Letter* friends who so kindly sent me and my children books, papers and cards this last summer. We surely did appreciate all that was sent us as we live on a Wyoming homestead, 25 miles from town. We would like some books and papers to read this winter, as we get real lonesome these long winter days and we always loan reading sent to us to our few neighbors.

David, my eldest, would like books, etc., for a first start in school. We live three miles from a

schoolhouse and he will start school next year. Margaret is 3 years old and Rita Merle is 1½ years old. We hope to be remembered again this winter and I would like some quilt scraps. (Mrs.) Blanche Thompson, Oshoto, Wyo.

14. I write to say that I am thanking all that have remembered me and my little boy, aged 6 years, who is almost an invalid, with books, cards and magazines in the past. May God bless all the *Cheerful Letter* friends and help them with their good work. I am still asking for correspondents. Also I would like to get a dictionary; would not care if it was second-hand. (Mrs.) Betty Harrison, Evensville, Tenn.

15. I have not written for a long time. I will send in a few words of appreciation. I sincerely thank all those who have sent me reading in the past, and especially the one whose kindness has made it possible for me to have the dear little *Cheerful Letter*, with its wonderful messages to the lonely and afflicted, to those, "when everything goes dead wrong." Strength and faith are renewed and contentment comes with the thought that peace follows our trust in God's goodness. Please send me more reading, especially new fiction. (Mrs.) Jessie Rossmiller, R. D. 3, New York Mills, Minn.

16. I wish to thank everyone who has sent me reading. My dear mother passed away the 3rd of November. I am ill, sad and lonely. I need your love and cheer. My loving good wishes to each one of you. Eva Collins, Ashford, Ala.

17. I am a girl, 22 years old and have lived with my aged grandparents for four years. My grandmother is an invalid, and as I am confined to the house most all the time, and all alone for several days at a time with my grandmother, I would be glad of reading matter, bits of thread and quilt scraps or anything to help pass the time. Miss Emma E. Weaver, Clifton, N. C.

18. Miss Mary Gilbert of Sandidges, Va., Box 34, Route 2, is a motherless girl keeping house for her father and brother. She would appreciate sewing material, bits of lace and embroidery thread.

19. Mrs. Grace Plemons of Conasauga, Polk Co., Tenn., writes words of appreciation of favors received from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. She would be glad to receive embroidery thread and transfer designs.

20. Mrs. S. P. Stanley, Pax, W. Va., would like good reading for her children, ages eight to nineteen years.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Moore Altman's address is Albany, Ga. Mrs. Oscar Blaisdell is now at Cabot, Vt. Harley Pruitt lives now at Rupert, Ark.

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST

I KNOW there are no errors

In the great eternal plan,

And all things work together

For the final good of man.

And I know when my soul speeds onward

In its grand eternal quest,

I shall say as I look back earthward,

Whatever is—is best.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

PINE TREE EDGE IN CROCHET

Chain 30.

First Row—7 sp, 1 bl.

Second Row—1 bl, 5 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp.

Third Row—2 sp, 2 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl.

Fourth Row—1 bl, 2 sp, 4 bl, 2 sp.

Fifth Row—3 sp, 4 bl, 2 sp, 1 bl.

Sixth Row—1 bl, 2 sp, 4 bl, 3 sp.

Seventh Row—3 sp, 3 bl, 3 sp, 1 bl.

Eighth Row—S1 st over 1 bl, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl,
1 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp.

Ninth Row—8 sp, 1 bl.

Tenth Row—S1 st over 1 bl, 1 bl, 7 sp. Re-
peat, beginning at first row.

BABY'S KNITTED CAP

I WISH the mothers who like to knit would try this simple bonnet for the baby. Only the simplest of stitches is used so beginners can start it and end well, just like the old-timers. During the war, many caps of this style were made for the children of the refugees. Any kind of wool (preferably fourfold Germantown) in any desired combination of colors may be used. Shetland floss and Saxony are best used double. The needles should be No. 5 or 6 in amber or celluloid. Cast on 45 stitches and knit 5 ridges. Tie on another color for body of cap and knit 15 ridges. At beginning of next row, bind off 15 stitches and knit remaining 30 stitches plain. At beginning of next row, bind off 15 stitches, which will leave 15 stitches on needle in middle of cap. On these 15 stitches knit back and forth for 15 ridges. Bind off leaving a long end of wool, with which to sew up the two side seams. Tie wool used for border to first stitch set up at beginning of cap, and pick up stitches across the neck (about 55 in all). Knit 2 ridges plain. Next row, form holes for ribbon, by knitting first 2 stitches, then put the wool twice around the needle, and knit 2 stitches together, repeat across, ending with 2 knitted stitches. Knit 5 ridges plain and bind off. Finish cap with ribbon strings 27 inches long. I do hope some of the sisters away at the beach will make one of these caps and see how very easy it is and how quickly made up.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—*Dickens.*

COIN COLLECTING—A NEGLECTED HOBBY

OVERWHELMING interest in collecting antiquities, awakened in the United States in the last few years, has apparently eclipsed one of the most interesting as well as instructive fields known to collectors, the collecting of coins and medals.

Possibly the designation, coin collecting, may act as a deterrent to persons who look for a hobby, since it appears to refer to something very valuable or expensive. Might it be better to refer to it by its scientific name, Numismatics? In stamp collecting as well, no earnest collector wishes to be known as a postage stamp collector, but as a "Philatelist."

In mentioning stamp collecting it is only fair to say that coin collecting is really a less expensive and more educational hobby. Stamps have been in existence only a bare hundred years, but coins have been struck during the last twenty-five hundred years.

The old charge that governments deliberately have issued and even now issue series of stamps to make money out of sales to collectors cannot be raised against coin collecting. Yet, strange to relate, the high prices of the earlier issues of stamps have never been reached by coins, no matter how interesting or important historically they have proved to be.

Silver coins 2,000 years old, in good condition, can be bought for from two to five dollars, and some even cheaper. It is possible to procure a coin for, say, every fifty years of striking, beginning at 500 B.C. to date, for a total of \$100 and have every coin tell an important historical story. A collection that will prove interesting, entertaining and instructive may thus be formed.

To become a serious collector it is better, outside of a few coins of general interest, to confine one's activities to one of the many series of coins most attractive to oneself. Possibly the most historically important are the Roman imperial coins, and here, if he desires, one can even confine the collection to one emperor and his family.

Another choice might be the ancient coins of Syracuse, Greece, Parthia, Egypt, Roman colonies, British Sceaatta, or of medieval times: Bracteates, Crowns, Thalers, the enormous copper coins of Sweden, Chinese money in all its curious shapes, including the knife, spade, key, bridge, bell and temple forms.

The hard-time tokens of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of England and of the nineteenth century of our own country, as well as the Civil War pennies, or, more correctly, tokens,

of which there are about 6,000 varieties, will hold one's attention for a long time.

Our own colonial and state coins and the large cents and half-cents are largely collected, not only according to dates, but also to die varieties, there being of the 1794 cent alone about sixty different dies.

How many of our people have seen or even heard of the so-called Franklin cent, bearing a sundial on its obverse and the motto: "Mind your Business"? Or the New York "Clinton cent" with the portrait of Governor Clinton? Who knows the Castorland token or the Higley threepence with the deer and the axe and the motto: "I cut my way through," or the second one with the inscription: "I am good copper, value me as you please"?

The Massachusetts silver coinage of pine-tree, oak-tree and willow-tree shillings, sixpence and threepence, the Gobrecht dollars, the flying-eagle cents and the commemorative half-dollars and gold dollars are all obtainable. I believe not one of a hundred citizens has seen or knows of the only coin of the United States that bears the portrait of a foreign ruler: Queen Isabella on the Columbian quarter. How many know the Lafayette dollar, bearing the portraits of Washington and Lafayette on the obverse, and the equestrian statue of Lafayette on the reverse?

The Bouquet-sous of Montreal exist in many varieties; Mexican and South American coins are becoming rare in many instances, opposing parties melting the old and coining their own money from them.

Coin collecting may not be a strenuous pastime, but it furnishes plenty of excitement and even exercise. Often one hears of a collection in a remote place in the country and with high hopes the pilgrimage begins. Through little-traveled byways the trail leads, possibly to a "find," but more often to disappointment, because the layman has an exaggerated idea of the value of the old and thinks if he possesses a coin a hundred years old it ought to be worth a mint in new money.

I have followed the rumor of old coins to its lair, have interviewed reluctant owners, who looked at me with cold suspicion and took me for a highwayman when I told them their treasures were worthless and refused even to make a bid for them.

A short time ago a farmer sent me a registered package of coins to look over, but informed me that no offer for less than \$500 would be acceptable, since some of the coins were so old that they did not even have dates. After spending three or four hours looking over the accumulation I decided that if I offered to pay twenty-five cents a pound for them I would be cheating myself. When I returned the coins, incidentally at my own expense, positively refusing to buy any and

informed the owner of their real value, I received a letter by return mail that expressed the opinion that I had studied under Captain Kidd or one of his brother pirates.

In another instance a gentleman informed me that he had some coins which he might sell if I bid enough for them. Since he lived in another state, too far away to get there on ten gallons of gas, I wrote him to send the coins for inspection. I received the reply that the collection consisted of a silver dollar eighty years old and twenty one-cent pieces almost a hundred years old, but that he would not trust any man with them, no matter how well recommended, suggesting, however, that I could come to him and he might show them to me. I decided that I would not further put him into temptation.

What is the lure of the little pieces of paper called postage stamps? Why did a wealthy collector of Utica send an agent all the way to Paris simply to gain a "one-cent red" of British Guiana, 1856? What prompted collectors to bid \$20,000, then \$30,000, then \$32,000, finally \$32,500 for this rarity? Facts like this indicate philately's grip on the hearts and minds of kings and children, financiers and coal-heavers, all over the world. There is fun, exercise and sometimes a little profit in coin and stamp collecting.—*Paul M. Lange in the Dearborn Independent.*

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

You never can tell, when you send a word

Like an arrow shot from a bow

By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind—

Just where it may chance to go.

It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm;

To a stranger's heart in life's great mart

It may carry its pain or its calm.

You can never tell, when you do an act,

Just what the result will be;

But with every deed you are sowing a seed

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do,

In bringing you hate or love;

For thoughts are things, and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe—

Each thing must create its kind;

And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES, NO. 10

ACCORDING to Dr. Gordon Hamilton, speaking at the International Conference on Family Life in America, held at Buffalo on October 2, "Family life is in no danger of disintegrating. It is a vigorous organism." This is encouraging, as the contrary is so often stated, some going so far as to say there is no longer any family life. Social workers, however, apparently agree that all one has to do to become convinced of the strength of the family bond is to try to break it when circumstances seem to require such action. Included in the discussions at the Buffalo meeting were the topics: "Industry as affecting family life," and "The problems of marriage and parent-hood."

On October 17, the American Public Health Association met in Cincinnati to hear the latest findings upon Mental Health, Control of Communicable Diseases, Pasteurization, and Sanitary Control of Milk Handling, Nutrition, Sewage Disposal, and Child Hygiene! One cannot help wondering how many hours were needed to carry through the discussion of such a list of subjects. Special addresses were made by eminent authorities on: "How has Prohibition affected the health of Americans?" "Methods of prolonging life," and "The teaching of the laws of health to college students."

Questions considered by the Child Study Association of America on November 2 were: "The Family and the Foundation of Character," "The Home's Unconscious Influence on Individual Success and Failure," "Opportunity for Parents in Creative Citizenship," "How Parents Can Determine the Character of Public Education," "The Changing Social and Economic Functions of the Home," and "Parents' Contribution to the Child's Social Adjustment." Merely the titles of these profound lectures show the great responsibility resting on parents, that no school or church can lift from their shoulders, however helpful those institutions may be. These topics also show that the family, as a unit, is as important today as at any time in the past, even though conditions which affect it have changed considerably, even in the past few years.

With women no longer under economic pressure to remain in the home, as in former days, the family must be built on a basis of Love. So says Robert C. Dexter, Ph.D., head of the Department of Social Relations of the American Unitarian Association, whose book on that subject is being used as a textbook in several colleges. Mrs. Charles E. Gregory, of New Rochelle, N.Y., chairman of the Home Department of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, also pleads for Love as the foundation of the home. She says: "Industry has gone out of the home. It used to be a tie in the past, when there were

household tasks for everyone, but the *affection* of families still remains as a strong binding force. If you do not believe it, try to separate some family, no matter how poor, by sending a child to the orphanage or other institution, and see how strong the bonds of affection really are."

We would add: make those bonds as secure as possible, and be assured that the dear ones are *conscious* of such love. Too often, it is merely taken for granted, with no outward sign; while momentary irritations due to daily happenings, or poor health, or ill-advised unfavorable criticism, are all that is emphasized in the home life. The results in such cases are always disastrous.

If we would succeed in creating real homes, with right family relations, we should study what affects them, and act as wisely with our children as our knowledge permits.

Dr. John S. Roberts recently told the United Parents' Association that parents "break" from their children when the latter are about fourteen years of age; and that "This is the time when they should *go along together*." He says that one of the most difficult things that parents have to learn is to "grow with their children." At the same time, Dr. Albert Shields of Columbia University said: "There is all the difference in the world between putting a child in school to obtain the advantages which only the school offers; and putting him there in the hope that school may give the things which even the poorest home can give infinitely better, if only the parents in that home have two things: *love*, and a *willingness to learn* more about their business."

Not long since, an interesting letter appeared in the *New York Times*, written by Dorothy M. Hoskins, on the negligence of parents in regard to their children "at large" on crowded city streets. She said that owners of dogs were fined for letting them go unleashed, and wished that those responsible for the lives of little ones might be treated with at least equal severity. She asks why a child should be allowed to "run loose if a dog is not." She stated that a child causes no consternation in the midst of traffic "until a moving mass of steel weighing several tons fails to stop instantaneously when a small child darts into its path." She said that no man *wants* to kill a child, or would do so if he could possibly avoid it; "yet when a child is killed, public opinion hounds the killer as if his whole ambition had been to slay the morsel of humanity, about whose safety no one had ever previously seemed concerned."

The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial has just voted a huge sum for Child Study. It is to be hoped that much of it will be used toward solving the problem of the child in the city. A count of the children playing in Central Park, New York City, just taken, showed that many came a distance of more than a mile to do so; this

proves the need of more small parks and "nearby playgrounds."

We are informed that the highest standard of living in the history of the world was attained last year by the American people, and that the total income was 43 per cent higher in 1926 than in 1921. Among those in gainful occupations, the same percentage increase was recorded. In 1921, the average yearly income for the people in this group was \$1,637.00, while five years later, in 1926, it was \$2,210.00. Unfortunately, the extra amount is unevenly divided, and has not always gone to those who need it most.

We have thus presented in brief outline a part of what is going on in the world about us, believing it of vital importance to home-makers and of real interest to those carrying the burdens of child problems. If this is the case, will you not tell us, and suggest special topics which you wish discussed? This column is at your service, and is written solely in the attempt to meet *your* needs and desires.

LAURA ROBINSON DONNELL

(Please address letters in care of the Cheerful Letter Exchange.)

SINGING IN THE RAIN

LAST night I heard a robin singing in the rain,
And the raindrops' patter made a sweet refrain,
Making all the sweeter the music of the strain,
So, I thought, when trouble comes, as trouble will,
Why should I stop singing? Just beyond the hill
It may be that sunshine floods the green world still.

He who faces trouble with a heart of cheer
Makes the burden lighter. If there falls a tear,
Sweeter is the cadence in the songs we hear.
I have learned your lesson, bird of dappled wing,
Listening to your music with its lilt of spring—
When the storm cloud darkens, then's the time to sing.

—Eben E. Rexford.

ONE WAY TO MAKE GOING TO BED BY DAY PLEASANT FOR A CHILD

WHETHER there is daylight-saving or not, the days in summertime are so long that little children "have to go to bed by day," and it is one of the things they heartily hate to do. While mothers sympathize with the point of view of their little folk, they know that hours of sleep lost by staying up are very bad for the health. And so various ways are devised for robbing bedtime of its forlorn character. One mother found a solution that may prove helpful to some of you.

When her little Johnny would say in the emphatic way of youth, "No, I don't want to go to

bed," and would show no signs of minding unless she became equally emphatic and scolded or coaxed, she decided to try an appealing way of enforcing quick obedience without using up the energy of either parent or child.

HAPPY IDEA

She explained that if he would go to bed when she told him it was time, and she didn't have to speak to him but twice, that she would read for 15 minutes to him every night. It worked like a charm. To have mother all to himself for those precious minutes before he went to sleep was an inducement. To have her read to him from whatever story-book he requested was another inducement. He decided to try it, and he liked it so well that thereafter he seldom made any fuss, but trotted off sometimes when the first call came.

It must be confessed that the second call usually was sounded. However, are there not two whistles blown to summon workmen to their tasks, one, the warning bell, another the time limit? So the mother wisely said the second call was the limit. As she often read an extra five minutes when he minded at the first bidding, this helped prompt obedience.

PLEASANT WAY BEST

It is so much wiser to help children to mind by making obedience an agreeable duty instead of an unpleasant one. There are mothers who punish their little folk when they refuse to leave their play and go to bed when the stated hour comes. There are other mothers who spend more than the 15 minutes coaxing their little ones to go to bed. The latter mother respects the child's dislike for going to bed by day, but she does not appreciate that slow obedience savors of disobedience.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE

The mother who spends a little while each day with her child just before he goes off to the enchanted land of dreams finds herself counting on these minutes just as much as does the child. It is then that she gets to know and understand her little one better. Then he is relaxed and retrospective—though he doesn't know it! He is in a confidential mood, and often reading will be interrupted with confidences. So both for the good of the child and for the mother's pleasure, the bedtime reading as a reward for prompt obedience is worth trying.—*Selected.*

THE curse of our times is the vast army of people who care nothing for their work, who labor solely for money.—*David Belasco.*

BOUND your life on the north by prudence, on the east with industry, on the west with gentleness, on the south with integrity.—*Frances Willard.*

GIVING THANKS

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

—Anna L. Barbauld.

THE ASH

CURIOUS beliefs and legends cluster around the ash-tree. An old woodcut shows women working busily in the fields while their babies hang safely in baskets on the branches of an ash-tree. An ash was chosen for protection because it was supposed to keep off snakes and witches.

In some parts of England some people still burn ash fagots at Christmas-time, in memory of a cold winter when King Alfred and his soldiers marched through the country and kept themselves warm with fires of ash wood. Many people wore the flowers of the ash, called "kegs," in their hats, thinking they kept off all diseases. A double leaf on an ash twig was supposed to bring good luck, just as a four-leaved clover stands for luck to-day.

If the oak is out before the ash,
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
But if the ash is out before the oak,
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke.

CHARACTER is the chief end of man and the sole guarantee of decent society. However strange and erroneous the actual manifestation, there is no question as to the reality and prevalence of the desire for the recovery of spiritual power through the channels of religion.—*Ralph Adams Cram.*

MIRROR DRAWING

WHEN you look into a mirror it makes a picture of you, and though mirrors are made of glass they are making pictures all the time. Take a pencil and paper and sit down near a mirror, but do not sit where you can see yourself at first. Look into the mirror and draw what you see. It may be part of the room, or a portrait or painting, or the cat or some furniture. Try to sit where you can get the best effects for the picture you wish to make. The shape of the mirror will be the frame of your picture, and the objects must be drawn within that frame. For your next picture take some of the most beautiful small objects in the room and put one or two so that you can see them in front of the mirror. Perhaps you can color them and make an artistic picture. By changing your own position and the position of various objects in the room or in front of the mirror, you can make several different pictures.

After practicing drawing mirror pictures in this way, you might some day try to draw your own face as you look into a mirror. You will find this much harder to do, but very interesting. Great artists have sometimes painted their own pictures in this way.—*Selected.*

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

NOT what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

—Clarence Urmey.

COURAGE is just strength of heart, and the strong heart makes itself felt everywhere, and lifts up the whole of life, and ennobles it, and makes it move directly to its chosen aim.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THERE is no hell like that of a selfish heart, and there is no misfortune so great as that of not being able to make a sacrifice.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE HUNTER IN THE SKY

WHEN the children came downstairs to breakfast one Saturday morning, they found Uncle Ned in the library with a big piece of blue paper spread out on the table. He was drawing on the paper with a pen dipped in white ink. He had come the night before, after they had gone to bed, so they were much surprised as well as pleased to see him.

"Hello, Uncle!" shouted Bill, "what you doing?"

"I'm arranging my menagerie," said Uncle, looking up with a smile. "Good morning, everybody. I'm planning some trips to a celebrated zoological garden, and thought perhaps you'd like to go along once in a while. It won't interfere with any of your plans for I always make my trips after dark."

Then he went on with his drawing, while the children, after saying "good morning" properly, looked curiously on. He just seemed to be making little dots on the blue paper—little dots grouped together into queer little figures that didn't look like anything in particular. After he had made a few dots, he connected them by straight lines.

"That's a dipper," exclaimed Helen as she watched—"an old-fashioned dipper with a long handle!"

"Here's another dipper," cried Dolly, "a little one emptying into the big one!"

"I know what you mean, Uncle?" said thoughtful Lindsay, "you're drawing the stars, and the paper is the sky, isn't it? I know because you showed us the big dipper one night last Christmas time, and you said it was called the Great Bear, or Ursa Major. I always look for it now when I see the stars."

"Good child!" said Uncle Ned. "Since you remember the Great Bear so well, I'll introduce you to some of the other animals. The sky's full of 'em."

"Why do they call it a bear?" asked Bill, "it doesn't look like one."

"It was named thousands of years ago," said Uncle, "when people didn't really know what the stars were, so they just made up stories about them and named them after animals and people and things, and we still call them by those same names. Here's a lion," pointing to another star cluster. "And here's a dog, and here's a goat, and here's a bull, and here's a little rabbit, and there's a story about every one of them. Here," he went on, pointing to a figure near the dog and the rabbit, "is a mighty hunter, a giant-like hunter, with a belt around his waist and a sword hanging from the belt. His name is Orion. See how he strides along through the sky?" Then

with a few pen strokes, he filled the starry outline with the figure of a hunter, while the children watched with glee.

"That's the one I want to see," said Bill.

"All right," said Uncle, "we'll look for it tonight, if it's clear. Here's a piece of paper for each one of you, and after breakfast you can draw the figure of Orion on it in stars—four for the hunter, three for his belt, and three for his hanging sword, though one is quite misty."

After supper, when it was dark, they went into the garden to find Orion. The sky was full of stars, little and big, and of course there were no lines connecting them into figures. But they had drawn Orion many times that day, so they had a clear picture in thought of the shape they wanted to find.

"Face north," said Uncle, "and find the Big Dipper"; so they did. "Now," said Uncle, "imagine a line drawn from between the front stars of the Dipper's bowl right over the top of the sky to the other side, and turn round in that direction." So they did, and then they hunted for the Hunter, but they couldn't find him.

"He's hiding," said Helen.

"Not at all," said Uncle, "he's striding along in plain sight. He's much larger than you think. He's a giant, you know. Look wider."

"I see his belt," shouted Bill. "How bright it is! But his hanging sword is fainter."

"I see it all!" cried the other children. "How bright one shoulder and the other foot are!"

"He's the most beautiful constellation we have," said Uncle. "A constellation, you know, is a group or cluster of stars that always stays the same. That is, it never gets out of shape. It doesn't always seem to us to be in the same place or in the same position, because the earth moves, but its shape doesn't change. 'Canst thou . . . loose the bands of Orion?'"—*Sunset Stories*.

LITTLE Mary's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose.

One day Mary found a piece of ribbon: "Grandmother, smell this and see how long it is."

MISS MURPHY was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the 23rd Psalm. When they came to the verse "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., one little boy said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."—*Boston Daily Globe*.

TEACHER—"Who can describe a caterpillar?"

Tommy—"I can, teacher."

Teacher—"Well, Tommy, what is it?"

Tommy—"An upholstered worm."

—*Atlantic Seal*.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hid them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams,—
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things;—
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sound of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far;—
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on,
It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful.

—Anna Hempstead Branch,
in "*The Shoes That Danced.*"

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 3 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass. should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.